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THREE ANGELS.

SELECTED BY MRS. W. R. FRICK.

They say that life is barren, clear and cold:
Ever the same sad song was sung of old
Ever the same long weary tale is told,
And to our lips is held the cup of strife
And yet a little *love* can sweeten life.

They say our hands may grasp but joy destroyed,
Youth has but dreams, and age an aching void,
Whose dead-sea fruit long, long ago has cloyed,
Whose night with wild tempestuous storms is rife—
And yet a little hope can brighten life.

They say we fling ourselves in wild despair,
Amidst the broken treasures scattered there,
Where all is wrecked where all once promised fair,
And stab our selves with sorrow's two edged knife,
And yet a little patience strengthens life.

Is it then true, this tale of bitter grief?
Of mortal anguish finding no relief?
Lo! midst the winter shines the laurel's leaf:
Three angels share the lot of human strife,
Three angels glorify the path of life.

Love, Hope and Patience cheer us on our way,
Love, Hope and Patience form our spirits stay;
Love, Hope and Patience watch us day by day,
And bid the desert bloom with beauty vernal,
Until the earthly fades in the eternal.

San Diego, Cal.

SIFTING, AND SIFTING, AND SIFTING.

BY C. H. BALSBAUGH.

Notwithstanding the ignorance and incapacity of which Dr. Miller insinuates my former "sifting" is "a striking illustration," I am not disheartened from making a fresh exhibition. I am not the least ashamed to acknowledge that I know very little, and am quite willing to learn from a double doctor, triple doctor, single doctor, or no doctor at all. I may possibly have as large acquaintance with men and books as Dr. Miller, but have never met with either one or the other that gave evidence of knowing much. I see not the congruity why my *honest compliment* of double doctor should be regarded as a "*sneer*", while he "intends no offense" when my strictures are represented as "a striking illustration" of "limited learning", perhaps "*few* Bible readings," and the absence of those qualifications indicated by "titles of erudition and honor." The universe and the Bible are inlaid with the divine Mind, and eternity will not exhaust the meaning. The Grammar of God is always safe, while the parsings of Theology are various and misleading.

"To the law and to the testimony." *I* am the Truth." "Thy *Word* is Truth." Heaven and earth shall pass away, but *my words* shall not pass away." Here are immutable postulates. Jesus is more than any logical or theological exposition of Him. Emmanuel as a personal experience is true wisdom. The divine incarnation is an individually repeated fact in all the God-born. "I in them, and they in me." God's idea of man, and His method of redeeming and perfecting him, are the lessons taught by the manifestation of Himself in the flesh. This includes the pith of my former article as to the identity, in principle, of holiness and its products. This was the one thing I essayed to present, and the one thing to which neither Miller nor Beer gave the remotest attention. Dr. Miller's distinction between purity and holiness is utterly without foundation. "Be ye holy for I am holy." "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." "He that hath this hope in Him *purifieth himself* even as *He* is pure." Here is divine Grammar which is self-explanatory. Nothing can be more positive and inexorable. This is the one central absolute necessity that lies at the root of right being and doing. And the being and doing are always counterparts, in God and angel, man and devil. This principle is the "original wheat" which brother Beer says has been "lost" in the process of sifting. Not so. I contended for nothing else in my former contribution, and I want nothing else now. There are other essentials in their place as positive as the character of God. "Without *faith* it is *impossible* to *please God*." Without it salvation is out of the question. It is an absolute essentiality. Repentance ditto. "Except ye *repent*, ye shall *all likewise perish*." No salvation for the impenitent. That essentials do not all fall into the same plane does not invalidate them. Chaff is not wheat, yet God has made *that* essential to its place and purpose no less than *this*. The same wisdom and authority that said, "Be ye holy," also said, "Wash ye one another's feet." When God says, "Do not pluck this fruit," our eternal destiny hinges on the simple act. It is essential, no matter in what sphere of the divine economy it is categorized. That is not for us to question. It is the vital bond between our being and our act on which our discussion is pivoted. The objectivity of man's constitution determines all God's dealings with him. The outward is as essential to humanity in its mundane state as the God-inbreathed soul. God reaffirmed His wisdom as the author of man by becoming a tangible, veritable man Himself. Externals are essential for certain ends. God himself needs them.

Dr. Miller claims that I concede his views because I specify holiness as the one essential. A new heart makes everything new, but this central fact *needs* many others to make out the complement of the divine life in man. God is holy, He has said so, and we believe it. What about His material works in nature and grace? Does his holiness attach to *them*? Is there an atom in creation, or an arrangement or ordinance in redemption not characterized by this mark of its Author? Why, then make my words mean less than they are not only intended, but make them contradict their amplified signification by specific preceding corroborations?

The reference to children not being capable of repentance, is wholly foreign to our subject. God never told them to repent. The Incarnate Babe has His redemptive "mystery of Godliness," for them. Verily, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." But so essential is repentance to the sinner that there is not the faintest shadow of an intimation in all that God has uttered "by the mouth of all His prophets since the world began" that the gates of pearl can ever be entered without it. The same is true of faith and pre-eminently of love. No matter what gifts and graces and titles are ours without this essence of Divinity we are "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." Without repentance, faith, love, obedience to the Divine wisdom and will, we are "anathema maranatha."

Dr. Miller has not offended me at all. He may freely continue his contributions to the EVANGELIST so far as my feelings and say go. Twenty years ago; yea, a decade ago, it would have been different. Then I would have emptied my quiver in double quick, and sent the redhot arrows whizzing to California. But this is not Christian. I believe in the Godman, the type of all saints; and this faith puts us to death in the flesh, and quickens us in the spirit, which means holiness, charity, long-suffering, the wisdom which cometh from above, the very mind and heart of God.

PROHIBITION—NOT A FAILURE.

BY B. L. GORDON.

Brother Bailey, in the Sunday school Service of Dec. 7th, seems to intimate that Prohibition is a failure, comparatively, because it does not stamp out entirely the use of intoxicants as a beverage. We agree with him that few men, who, having become slaves to the demon of strong drink, reform and become sober, upright men, without the influence of Christ's gospel. But, as we understand it, this is really one of the minor objects of prohibition. We think one of the greatest objects, or result of it is that it makes the traffic in intoxicants disreputable. That is, it no more has the sanction of law, and if parties sell contrary to law they must do it in a secret way. Instead of hanging out a sign, beautifying the window with rare flowers, decorating the walls with exquisite paintings and fine mirrors; furnishing the room with fine chairs, carpets, organs and pianos, they are compelled to keep the vile stuff in some dark corner of a cellar, where there will be no such inducement for our young men to drop in and spend an hour or so, and thus form evil habits. We believe if it were not for these fine allurements to start young men on the downward road, there would be fewer drunkards. If we can by prohibition make this point, then our labors will not be in vain. It would not take long for public opinion to be on the right side, if all professing Christians would stand upon a square total abstinence and prohibition platform. There are many—yes, it is a fact,—so very many, who profess Christ, are infidels in this very matter. Some will buy their beer, and others must have their bitters, thus working in the interest of the saloon.

Please don't get *discouraged*, brother Bailey; your lessons are excellent. God bless you.

The Atheist and the Flower.

When Napoleon Bonaparte was Emperor of France he put a man by the name of Charney into prison. He thought Charney was an enemy of his government, and for that reason deprived him of his liberty. Charney was a learned and profound man; and as he walked to and fro in the small yard into which his prison opened he looked up to the heavens, the work of God's fingers, and to the moon and stars, which he ordained and yet exclaimed: "All things come by chance."

One day, while pacing his yard, he saw a tiny plant just breaking the ground near the wall. The sight of it caused a pleasant diversion to his thoughts. No other green thing was within his enclosure. He watched its growth every day. "How came it there?" was his natural inquiry. As it grew other queries were suggested. "How came these delicate little veins in its leaves? What made its proportions so perfect in every part, each new branch taking its exact place on the parent stock, neither too near another nor too much on one side."

In his loneliness the plant became the prisoner's teacher and his valued friend. When the flower began to unfold he was filled with delight. It was white, purple, and rose-colored, with a fine silvery fringe. Charney made a frame to support it, and did what his circumstances allowed to shelter it from pelting rains and violent winds.

"All things come by chance," had been written by him on the wall just above where the flower grew. Its gentle reproof, as it whispered, "There is one who made me so wonderfully beautiful, and he it is who keeps me alive," shamed the proud man's unbelief. He brushed the lying words from the wall, while his heart felt that "He who made all things is God."

But God had a further blessing for the erring man through the humble flower. There was an Italian prisoner in the same yard, whose little daughter was permitted to visit him. The little girl was much pleased with Charney's love for his flower. She related what she saw to the jailer's wife. The story of the prisoner and his flower passed from one to another until it reached the ears of the amiable Empress Josephine. The Empress said: "The man who so devotedly loves and tends a flower cannot be a bad man;" so she persuaded the Emperor to set him at liberty.

Charney carried his flower home, and carefully tended it in his own green-house. It had taught him to believe in a God, and had delivered him from prison.

The Bible and Science.

Dr. Dawson of Montreal, Canada, in a recent number of the Princeton Review, bears very decided testimony to the harmony of science and revelation. He says:

"There is in certain quarters an impression that revelation as contained in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures is antagonistic to science. If one asks how or why, the answer usually exposes ignorance of the Bible or natural science or of both. The so-called conflict between science and religion has not been a conflict with the Bible, but with superstitions and ecclesiasticisms as hostile to the Bible as to science, or with the remains of exploded scientific views trying to uphold themselves by biblical or ecclesiastical sanctions. The Bible is really the most truthful of books as to natural facts, and the most non-committal as to theories of nature."

The Bible does not teach science, but it never contradicts the truth of nature. And is it not a remarkable fact that although at the time when the books of scripture were written physical science was very crude and fantastic, and the attempts to explain the phenomena of nature were utterly inadequate and untrue, yet they contain nothing which is contradictory to the most accurate knowledge we possess? How is it that the Bible was preserved from errors and mistakes into which every other ancient writing, which attempted to explain the origin of the universe, fell?

Joy and Song.

The gospel is glad tidings of great joy; it was an outgush of song in a sad world, a burst of sunshine after ages of darkness. Paganism to-day is not jubilant, but gloomy and despondent. When in a Christian land, any class of people disregard Christ their songs die out because their joy has withered. Spiritualism has no exultant songs because it has no gladness in Jesus. It may gather in the tented grove under the inspiration of the waving trees, singing birds, verdant fields, glittering stars and azure skies, but it confesses that it cannot counterfeit the Christian psalmody that rolls down the ages, lifting the heart of the believer nearer to God. Mormonism, in her mountain-girded valley sits songless. The habitations of Utah are gladdened by no melodious praise warbled from human lips. Travelers remark this dearth of song in a land smiling with plenty. The explanation is easy: There is no Holy Ghost in their religion. It sows to the flesh and not to the spirit. Free religion assembles in conventions, and argues, denounces, and blasphemes; but when she tries to sing, her voice is like the gibbering of a ghost in a sepulchre.

Jesus Christ glorified in the soul by the Holy Ghost is the fountain of true joy. The kingdom of God is "righteous, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." When the blessed Comforter fills the hearts of his people with his joy inspiring presence, they burst out into spontaneous singing; but where formalism, worldliness, and unbelief have crowded the Comforter out of their hearts, they pay thousands of dollars to a quartette to perform the service which their backslidden souls refuse to render. Hence joy is a very good test not only of orthodox opinions, but the strength of our faith in Christian truth, and our personal devotion to Christ.

A [illegible]

Mrs. Elvina [illegible]
of Ankneytown. [illegible]
been suffering wi[illegible]
and medical aid fa[illegible]
weeks ago she grew [illegible]
bed and on the 23rd ins[illegible]
She was a most exempla[illegible]
Christian, and her closing ho[illegible]
scene that will be remembered [illegible]
and others who were present. [illegible]
before the death hour came she [illegible]
of the ministers of her church, [illegible]
Leedy, and his wife, and asked that a [illegible]
ional exercise be held with her. Th[illegible]
bid all good by, and as her comp[illegible]
and family stooped and in tears gave her a[illegible]
farewell kiss she admonished each child to be good, and those who are not connected with the church, she begged in the majesty and tenderness of an angel, not to go into bad company and to be good children and meet her in heaven.

Elvina (Cramer) Teeter was born in Lehigh county Pennsylvania, May 30th 1831, and on the day of death was 53 years, 4 months and 23 days old. She was married to John Teeter, September 2nd, 1851. Their children are all living.

The funeral took place the 25th. and the services were held in the Ankneytown church by Revs. Mallott and Leedy.

Mrs. Teeter joined the Brethren church in 1856, and in subsequent life adorned her profession in the exercise of the Christian virtues; and she was honored and tenderly loved by her family and held in high esteem by her neighbors. Death to her was gain, and her Christian children and friends can gladly exclaim,

Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life has fled;
For, alove, with joy we'll greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

It is a hard truth, but none the less a truth for being hard, that the fruit of forgiven sin does not die with the death of the tree that bore it. If one has destroyed the life or the happiness of another by his misconduct, his penitence and his assured pardon will not restore the life or the hope he has ruined. Nor can any merited punishment of the wrong-doer remit to the innocent sufferers the consequence of his wrong doing. This thought ought to be an added inducement to us all to shrink from transgression in the least as in the greatest. An old saying is, "Habits of sin even after death leave many evil legacies behind them!"